

Gamma Ray

Beck

If I could hold
Hold out for now
With these icecaps melting down
With the transistor sound
And my Chevrolet terraplane
Going around around around

Come on little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane

Your brains are bored like a refugee from a house that's burnin
g
And the heat wave's calling your name
She's got a cactus crown
With a dot dot dot on her brow
And she speaks inside a cloud
With her countenance turning around

It hit me like a gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane

I'm pulling out thorns
Smokestack lightning out my window
I want to know what I've lost today

Come on little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane

Your body's bored
Like a refugee from a house that's burning
And the backwater's calling your name